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DECEMBER 22, 1943

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Harlip

Lady Charles Cavendish is Working in London

Lady Charles Cavendish, whose home is Lismore Castle, County Waterford, has come to England to work for the American Red Cross in London, and is on duty at the "Rainbow Corner" club for enlisted men. Lady Charles will be well remembered as Adele Astaire, for her famous dancing partnership with her brother Fred, with whom she appeared in London in *Stop Flirting* and *Lady be Good* in the early nineteen twenties. She married Lord Charles Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire's only brother, in 1932.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Contrast

NOBODY who has ever had the privilege of hearing the Prime Minister deliver one of his war reports to the House of Commons would admit that there is any known substitute in this role. Mr. Churchill has been a practitioner and student in the art of war from his youth—he is supposed to have had more tin soldiers than most boys—and he has the ability to convey all the fullness of his martial feelings with due weightiness and a picturesqueness which is unequalled. Not even the age of mechanised war in which we now live has overtaken him. He has been the



Former W.A.A.F. Director in Canada

Air Chief Commandant Trefusis Forbes, C.B.E., former Director of the W.A.A.F., after visiting women's divisions of the R.C.A.F., discussed her next journeys with Air Vice-Marshal R. L. G. Marix, C.B., D.S.O., A.O.C. an Atlantic Transport

torchbearer in the van of all our war efforts. His words have beckoned us on to victory when days were darkest and hopes lowest. So Mr. Churchill was greatly missed when it fell to Mr. Anthony Eden to describe the difficulties and the delays of the Italian campaign. Something of the glory of the effort which soldiers of Britain, the Empire and the United States have made was missing in the stilted phrases of the Foreign Secretary. There was no attempt to lift the veil to show what was happening in the difficult terrain, and in the drenching rain. Both have played their part in holding up the Allied forces. Early confidence in the attainable speed of our progress against the Germans has not been fulfilled. Now we must wait some time before we can acclaim the occupation of Rome. It would not surprise me if one day there is an interesting story told about more than one aspect of this campaign.

Competent

BUT Mr. Anthony Eden, in Mr. Churchill's absence, gave the House of Commons the other day, a competent, albeit of necessity, a

sketchy account of the Cairo and Teheran conferences in which he mustered more confidence than Members have heard for a long time. In this respect the review was almost a Churchillian performance, although it lacked the masterly light and shade of the Prime Minister's phrases. Mr. Eden has taken to the use of gestures when he speaks, and his voice is somewhat better controlled. There is no doubt that his influence over the House of Commons, of which he is the leader, is equalled only by that of Mr. Churchill's.

Success

MR. EDEN can take credit on his own account and justifiably pass on the confidence he obviously feels, for it is his foreign policy which has won success. He has never lost an opportunity to win the initiative in diplomacy from the Germans. It has been a hard and unremitting struggle, and in the last few months he has got his reward. There are now signs of real co-operation and proper co-ordination and a political policy in which the big Powers are all prepared to share. None can doubt that we are about to see a new League of Nations born, a better and more practical and hopeful League of Strength and Purpose in search of peace.

Wilderness

IT seems a far cry to the days when a more youthful Mr. Eden battled for a strong foreign policy against the background of weakness in armed strength; when he resigned from the Government in protest against the policy of appeasing Mussolini; when he sat on the back benches and remained more silent than provocative; and when he went back into the



A Christmas Message

Lt.-Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., G.O.C. the New Zealand Division, is seen at the microphone, recording his greetings to the troops under his command, which will be broadcast on Christmas morning

Army and marched through London at the head of his company. There is no doubt that at this moment Mr. Eden is the natural successor to the Prime Minister. He is the one politician in my recollection who continues to fulfil the prophecies of the tipsters. Years ago he was forecast as a future Prime Minister, and nothing has happened to alter that prognostication.

Timely

MR. EDEN will never be a great orator but in the realm of his diplomatic responsibilities he has a capacity for handling delicate situations. His reference to France and his tribute to her people was timely; and he was right to point out that but for the hazard of geography the British people might have had to share their ordeal. The full effect and intention of the Foreign Secretary was to reaffirm the unity of purpose of Britain and France in the Europe after the war. This should do much to remove any misunder-



Caravan Causerie in Italy

Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery received war correspondents seated on the steps of his caravan at Vlasto, shortly before the Eighth Army's successful crossing of the River Sangro. Since his first landing in Italy, Gen. Montgomery has written a book on the use of air power, and land-air co-operation, but so far this has only been privately circulated



Admiral Stark Visits the Home Fleet

This group was taken on board H.M.S. Duke of York, when Admiral Stark visited the U.S. Task Force serving with the British Home Fleet. In front are Admiral Stark, Commander of U.S. Naval Forces in Europe; Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C-in-C. the Home Fleet. Others in the picture include Lt.-Cdr. H. R. Hardy, R.N.V.R., and Lt. J. Williams, U.S.N.R.

standing which undoubtedly has arisen from Field Marshal Smuts's recent speech.

Unknown

FEW people in the House of Commons know Brigadier FitzRoy Maclean. He is one of those legendary figures who gave up his diplomatic post in the Foreign Office to enter Parliament and then joined the Army to become a parachutist. They didn't know about him because he never made his maiden speech; that has yet to come. But in the Foreign Office he was known as a young man who had tramped through many villages in Soviet Russia to master much knowledge of that country. This was when he was serving in the British Embassy in Moscow. After some thrilling experiences in the Western Desert he was put at the head of a military mission to establish contact with Marshal Tito and his forces in Yugoslavia, and has reported favourably to Mr. Eden on the power and purpose of the Partisans.

Meeting

IT will be largely due to Brigadier Maclean's efforts if King Peter and Marshal Tito meet in the near future. I think that there will be such a meeting. Marshal Tito has, from the first, refused to allow any criticism of the king to be part of his policy and King Peter is ready for a meeting. It was a striking demonstration of sympathy which Mr. Eden evoked from the House of Commons when he referred to King Peter's youth and the efforts he was making to master a difficult political situation which was confronting him.

Achievement

PRESIDENT BENES is the most indefatigable of European statesmen. He never rests. Always he is on the move, and his journey to Soviet Russia to sign a twenty years' pact, which will put Czechoslovakia in the same relations with that country as Great Britain, is an achievement of which he will be justly proud. Provision is made for other Powers contiguous

to Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia to join, meaning Poland. But the Poles are being very reserved. To join in the new pact would mean a discussion of frontiers, and they insist on that being left until after the war, which shows that President Benes is the wiser statesman. Obviously he is preparing his political platform for the moment when he returns to Prague.

Sinister

FIELD MARSHAL VON RUNDSTEDT's removal from his command of the German forces in Western Europe is of more than passing interest, and should it prove true that Field Marshal Rommel has replaced him, the significance will be considerable. With the removal of Baron von Falkenhausen as military commander of Belgium it would seem that Himmler's Gestapo have insisted on a



Naval Reunion

Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Tovey, C-in-C. the Nore, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, First Sea Lord, enjoyed themselves at the twenty-fifth annual reunion of the R.N.V.R. Club

purge of doubtful elements. Rundstedt's name has been associated with peace-feelers supposed to have been made in Lisbon and Stockholm. They have never been confirmed, but up to some short time ago Rundstedt was thought to have some influence because the men in his western anti-invasion forces were mostly advancing towards middle-age, and are known to be in a low state of morale. They have not had a happy time as occupying troops; they are constantly worried about the Allied raids over Germany and the effect on their families, and, above all, they dread being transferred to Russia. Rommel may have the powers of divination denied Rundstedt. We know that he is ruthless and will not hesitate to win a success with any means.

Promotion

M. R. R. G. CASEY, the British Minister in the Middle East, on whom has fallen much of the responsibility for organising the conferences between President Roosevelt, the Prime Minister, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, and eventually Marshal Stalin, has proclaimed his intention of returning to his native Australia after the war. This is to be expected, but there seem to be good reasons for believing the reports that before that happens he will go to Bengal as Governor for a term of years. If he does accept this appointment, Mr. Casey will be the first Australian to have held such an important office. His appointment as Minister of State, which caused a lot of comment in Australia at the time, was due to a meeting with Mr. Churchill in a railway train in the United States when Mr. Casey was Australian Minister in Washington.



Three Cheers for Churchill in Teheran

Officers and men of the Persia and Irak Command, who formed the Prime Minister's guard during his stay at the British Legation in Teheran, presented him with gifts on the occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday. Mr. Churchill celebrated the day by entertaining President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin at a private dinner party

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Desert Swan Song

By James Agate

By a strange coincidence the new Columbia film *Sahara* (Gaumont) was shown on the morning after the première of Mr. Priestley's new play. *Desert Highway* is apparently a play of talk. Here we strike the fundamental difference between theatre and cinema. A play about a tank stranded in the desert which should not be a play of talk raises visions of Druryological orgies not to be contemplated with equanimity. On the other hand, a film about a straggling tank which did not turn itself into a drama of action would be a record emptier of cinemas. And therefore by hook or by crook *Sahara* turns itself into an action film. Its period is that of the re-capture of Tobruk by the Germans, and the British retreat to the Egyptian border.

MAKING its solitary way across the desert is the tank Lulubelle, commanded by an American sergeant who has with him his tank mechanic and radio operator. On its way the tank runs across a group of allied stragglers consisting of a British officer, three British soldiers, a South African and a Fighting Frenchman. They decide to accept the American sergeant's offer of a lift, and with exceptional tact the British officer relinquishes his command to the sergeant. I suppose the rest of the film could have been written by anybody who had seen this kind of thing before. The difficulty, of course, is how to fill out a film of this sort so that it runs to the required hour and a half. One might make the soldiers relate the story of their lives, illustrated by flash-backs (except that the reminiscent mood is more that of the theatre than the cinema). Or one could cut the greater part of the cackle and make each soldier explain simply what made him join up. I pick up a book written during the last war and read:—

There are occasions when the least introspective of us must take stock of his sentimental

position. An evening on Salisbury Plain is one of them. Men are here from all the ends of the Empire for all sorts of reasons. Some for the "sweet punishment of their enemies," some that they may be "honourably avenged," some for the adventure, some through the loss of their jobs; some hating it, some unutterably bored, many inspired, a few who will never find their feet, but not one, so far as I can gather, who would turn back if he could.

At the time I wrote this I thought it was pretty good stuff. I have since learned that the writer of war-books who cannot drool in this manner is not born.

I THINK perhaps it might have been amusing if, in the present film, the characters had given their reasons—always supposing conscription had nothing to do with it. The British officer, for example, might well have got tired of trying to instil into prosaic little ruffians the poetry of *The Merchant of Venice*. The three Tommies might have welcomed anything as a change from shaving the same uninteresting faces, hawking carpet sweepers or even referring cheques to drawer. The South African might plead that he was sick of veldts and ostriches. The Fighting Frenchman might give conscience as a reason. The American sergeant (especially since he is played by Humphrey Bogart) might well have elected for the deep, deep peace of the battlefield in contrast to the hurly-burly of Chicago gangsterism. Whoever made this picture, however, has chosen another way—the way already taken in the Soviet film, *The Thirteen*, on an incident in which the present picture confesses itself founded. I am a little worried here. Can I, as a novelist, get away with a story about a governess who marries her employer only to discover that he already has a mad wife, by admitting on the dust-cover that my book is "based on an incident in *Jane Eyre*"? Once more we get the old story about a handful of men who have water, bartering their supply

against the surrender of fifty times their number.

THERE are some moving things in the film. There is the incident of the captured Italian who cannot be taken on board owing to shortage of water and food, and whom no commander with any bowels can bring himself to leave behind. The Germans, when we get to them, are very well done, and it is refreshing to see a film in which a Nazi officer is neither a nitwit nor a coward, the fashion being to represent them as both.

AND then the film is by no means without wit and a certain rough eloquence. I note a particularly good passage in which the Italian prisoner explains to the German prisoner the difference between Mussolini and Hitler. "The Duce merely dresses up Italians to look like soldiers; he does not brutalise us into being soldiers. He makes us feel that there is glory in battle; he does not drill a hole in our skulls and fill them with the notion that it is right to kill, torture and enslave." Remembering Abyssinia, is it possible to think that the author of the film is here flattering Peter to score off Paul? But let that pass. The Italian is responsible for one undeniably good thing. "You insult the Fuehrer," says the Nazi. And the Wop replies: "It would take an artist to do that; I am only a mechanic."

SAHARA plays a full hour and a half, and I must attribute the fact that I was not a moment bored to the first-class acting. Particularly Bogart as the Sergeant, J. Carroll Naish as the Italian, and Louis T. Mercier as the Frenchman. All the same I suggest that if this is the desert film to end desert films all is well and good. But I doubt whether the cinema public will stand many more of these. Is a gentle hint permitted? Then let me say that the sands of one film critic's enthusiasm are preparing to run cold.

DURING the week I had a look at *Appointment In Berlin* (New Gallery). But really, really! Is anybody going to believe that the Nazis are such cretins as to employ a Lord Haw-Haw and not know that he is a British agent in disguise? Or that when he is broadcasting to the British to advise them to trust to the magnanimity of German peace terms, he is really warning Whitehall that within twenty-four hours a mock invasion of Britain will be staged from Norway whereas the real thing is coming from the Friesian Islands. But then the whole film is an excursion into the incredible. I do not believe in the Wing Commander who should have been so disgruntled by Chamberlain's Munich exploit, that he gets himself arrested for chalking swastikas in Trafalgar Square. George Sanders is a capital actor, but this rôle defeats him. Indeed, I think it would have defeated anybody.

THE second picture was *Dangerous Blondes*, about which I prefer to say nothing except that it should serve as a warning to all writers of detective films. The first rule in this genre is that the puzzle should be graspable. There is no point in discovering who the murderer is unless you are satisfied in the end what his motive was. It is also advisable, I suggest, to be able to remember who was murdered. Let me put it this way. Ask a man to multiply 12 by 34 in his head—this may give him entertainment. Ask him to multiply 123 by 456—again in his head—and it is conceivable that the mental effort will amuse him. But invite him to multiply 12345 by 67890, and he will probably tell you to go and boil your head. As far as I was concerned the other evening, *Dangerous Blondes* could have boiled their heads within ten minutes of the picture's start.



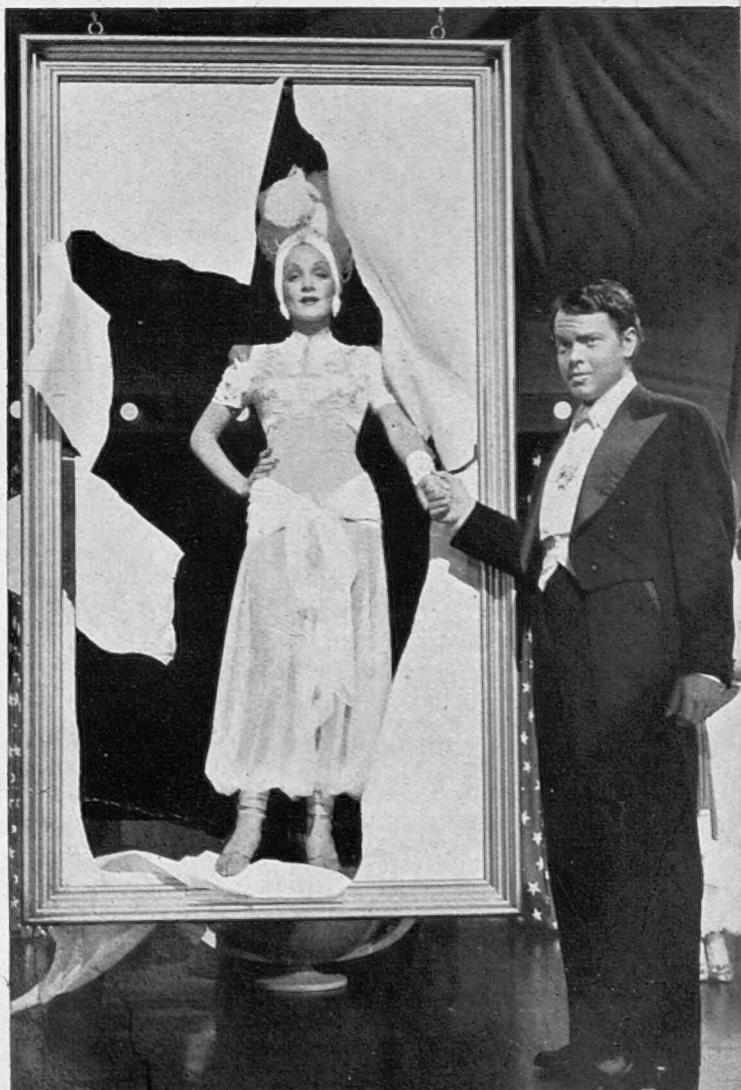
"Sahara": A Drama of Men's Thirst (Gaumont)

"Sahara" finds its inspiration in the desert, in the North African campaign and in the sufferings of men without water. The film is reviewed by James Agate. (Above) Bruce Bennett, Humphrey Bogart and Richard Nugent, as leaders of a group of Allied stragglers after the fall of Tobruk, bribe two German prisoners with the promise of water

Marlene as a Magician's Stooge

With The Help Of Mr. Orson Welles

Miss Dietrich Is "Sawed-In-Half"



Three Cheers for the Boys is Universal's latest picture now in production in Hollywood. It is the story of a company of variety artistes who are shipwrecked on their way to entertain the troops and whilst waiting to be rescued relate to each other their various adventures during a lifetime on the stage. Among the artistes are Swami the Magnificent (Orson Welles) and his principal assistant in the arts of black magic (Marlene Dietrich). The pictures reproduced on this page are from their *Wonder Show*—a show inside the film itself, which should be seen in this country sometime next year. Incidentally, the last young woman sawed in half by Mr. Welles—Rita Hayworth—became Mrs. Orson Welles in September last

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Halfway to Heaven (Princes)

I AM not on very easy terms with the supernatural. Professors of the black arts would regard me as an outsider. Even amateur fortune-tellers look at me askance, and palmists snub, when I inquire sympathetically into the craft of the arts they practise. So that although I approached them with friendly curiosity and an open mind, perhaps I am not the right person to comment on the post-mortem adventures of Joe, the little pugilist and hero of this four-dimensional fantasy.

Joe was as game a little fly-weight as ever graced the ring. He was a sportsman through and through. Fit as a flea, he had a flair for flying, and his one ambition was to win the championship belt of his weight and class. But fate intervened, and he died (or thereabouts) fifty years too soon. This curtailment of his allotted span was due to the interference

be ripe for death. He was, in fact, at that very moment about to be drowned in his own bath by his wife's lover. And until the crucial moment, when the deed should be done and the body be vacant, Joe waited with his celestial escort in the hall. Though unseen, unheard, and unsuspected by the mortals on their side of the footlights, they were able to talk to each other, and so kept us *au fait* with the dreadful deed being committed in the bathroom above.

Joe was not the only one who found the waiting a trial and its implications teasing: we shared his feelings. But having been assured that the body he was about to occupy fell little short in fighting fitness of the one he had untimely lost, and that it would serve him



Two Invisible Men (Ronald Simpson and J. H. Roberts), right, take little notice of the efforts of Sam Parkin (Sydney Howard) to make their acquaintance. On the left the former invisible man (Bobby Howes) has taken concrete shape in the body of the murdered ex-financier Farnsworth

of an emissary of death who, seeing him in a spin, impulsively concluded that Joe was about to crash and, without so much as a by-your-leave, snatched his soul or astral body (I didn't quite gather which) from the cockpit, and transported it to the celestial regions.

Not unnaturally indignant, Joe raised hell when he got to heaven; so much so that the senior reception-officer (a very decent spirit) was touched, and promised to look into the case. He sent for the official register of arrivals, which confirmed Joe's protest that a mistake had been made; and, having reprimanded his too zealous myrmidon, did his best to rectify it.

This was not easy, seeing that Joe's manager had already cremated the body that crashed, and there was nothing for it but to return to earth and look for another which Joe might occupy as a substitute, and so have a shot at the belt, and complete his interrupted life.

By a metaphysical coincidence, a millionaire with a good physique happened just then to

faithfully, he galloped upstairs when the cue came, and took possession.

This strange metamorphosis, which endowed Joe with the millionaire's body as well as all his worldly goods, but left him looking (to us) exactly like Mr. Bobby Howes, entailed some metaphysical jiggery-pokery which it is easier to wonder at than coldly explain. But so far as the characters on Joe's side of the footlights were concerned, it worked. And when the faithless wife and her homicidal lover, still reeking, so to speak, from the murder, saw Joe come downstairs from the bathroom in the pink of condition and the dead man's dressing-gown, they were suitably distressed. For to them Joe was the murdered man, though to us he was still, and continued to be, indubitably Mr. Howes.

THESE curious events became curioser and curioser, and no more amenable to reason or simple recapitulation. Joe had the continued support of his celestial patron, we the inestimable benefit of the arrival of Joe's



Invisible Man (Bobby Howes) on the look out for a suitable body to inhabit, gets between the two girls, the wife forced upon him and the girl of his choice (Betty Stockfield and Lesley Brook)

justly astounded manager in the person of Mr. Sydney Howard. Then laughter became not only general but vociferous. Persuaded, with considerable difficulty, that Joe's account of his metamorphosis was true, but taking no risks himself, Mr. Howard made ample amends for our own bewilderment. His obsequious caution towards supernatural invisibilities, and his instinct for making the best of both worlds—this world, the financial opportunities of which he thoroughly appreciated, and the next, which he deprecated—were irresistibly funny.

The more baffling features of this callous comedy were ameliorated for us by the spirited impersonation of Joe by Mr. Howes, Mr. Howard's comic virtuosity, and the flawless performance of Joe's celestial mentor by that fine actor, Mr. J. H. Roberts. To such arbitrary fantasy, the screen is kinder than the stage, and filmgoers, who recently rejoiced in the film version of this four-dimensional extravaganza, should approach its more substantial presentation with an open mind. There is laughter in abundance, thanks to Mr. Howard; and there are conundrums, too, for playgoers whose bias in favour of workaday logic such riddles provoke.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Invisible Forces perform strange things in the Farnsworth household. The butler (H. R. Hignett) is unperturbed—not so Mr. Sam Parkin (Sydney Howard)



Alexander Bender

Putting "Boopsie" into "Something in the Air"

The vivacious charm and vitality of Gabrielle Brune contribute in no small measure to the brilliance of Jack Hulbert's production at the Palace, *Something in the Air*. Gabrielle first made her name as a singer and dancer in 1939's *Gate Revue*. She has a great reputation in cabaret, and it is good to know that she is planning to return to the Bagatelle in January. In private life "Gay"—as she is known amongst her friends—is the wife of Lieut.-Col. Walter Currie, of Greenwich, Connecticut, who has made his home over here for some years and is now serving in this country with a Special Service branch of the U.S. Army

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Flu Victims

THE wave of 'flu which has swept the countryside recently has claimed many victims, amongst them no fewer than three members of the Royal Family—H.M. the King, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and H.R.H. the Princess Royal. All of them were compelled to cancel their engagements for a few days. For the King it meant the cancellation of a visit to the country; for the Duchess the cancellation of her plans to distribute the scarlet and green "four years' service" armbands of members of the Women's Land Army in Buckinghamshire, and for the Princess Royal the postponement of several more visits to A.T.S. depots in various parts of the country. Two other 'flu victims at Court have been Countess Spencer, one of Her Majesty's Ladies of the Bedchamber, who was thus prevented

from receiving from the King the O.B.E. given her in recognition of the extremely valuable work she has done as President of the W.L.A. in Northamptonshire, and Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household.

Country Dance

FORTUNATELY the Queen and the two Princesses have escaped the all-too-prevalent infection and were able to enjoy to the utmost the dance in the country given for Princess Elizabeth which celebrated the seventh anniversary of the Accession. About two hundred guests were there, a famous West End dance band provided the music, and dancing went on until the small hours of the morning. Most of the guests were young officers of the Brigade and other regiments, and there were also a number of personal friends of the Royal Family, a few of whom dined with Her Majesty before the dance.

Granddaughter for the Earl of Albemarle

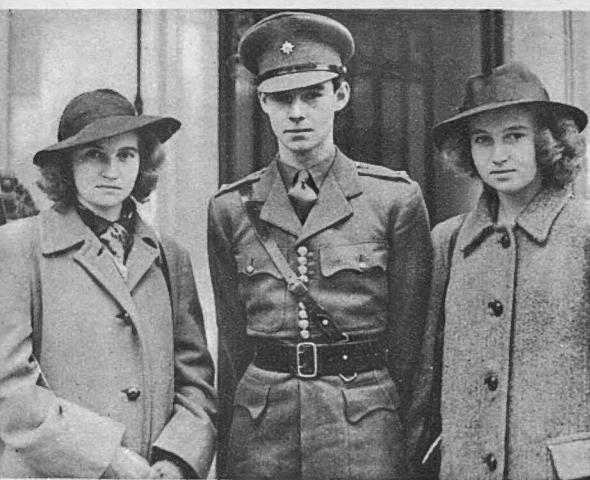
THE second daughter of Lord and Lady Bury was born a little over a week ago at Londonderry House—the first baby in living memory to be born in the palatial Park Lane home of the Londonderrys. Lady Bury's first child, the Hon. Elizabeth Keppel, is now two years old. She is living at Mount Stewart, the Irish home of her maternal grandparents, Lord and Lady Londonderry, where, owing to wartime regulations, her mother may visit her only once in six months. Travel is stringently restricted, and no one may make the journey more frequently than this except on work of national importance. This means that Lord and Lady Londonderry will not be able to have a family gathering at Mount Stewart this year. Instead, they intend to spend Christmas with their son, Lord Castle-reagh, and his wife at their small house near Woking. Their other daughter, Lady Helen Jessel, is living at Farnham with her small boy and girl.

In London

DURING their short stay in town, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch have been using the few rooms which are kept for them at their big town house in Grosvenor Place. Most of the house is being used by the club for Scotsmen in London known as "Caledonia." One night they were entertained informally by Mrs. James Corrigan. They had dinner in her small sitting-room in the hotel in which she is staying, and met there the new Portuguese Ambassador and his attractive and elegant wife the Duchess of Palmella, the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Cunard and Lord Margesson. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are spending Christmas at their Scottish home, Drumlanrig Castle, and probably Lady Victoria Scott and the Duchess's sister, Mrs. Daly, will be there with them with their young children. Lady Victoria Scott's nine-year-old daughter, Henrietta, makes her home with the Buccleuchs and goes to the school which now occupies practically the whole of the Castle.

New Arrival

THE arrival of a son and heir to Capt. Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld at the Princess Christian Nursing Home has been celebrated with great joy. One day he will be an important young man, for he will be the tenth successor to the baronetcy and the twentieth holder of Oxburgh Hall, the family seat in Norfolk which has passed from father to son since 1482, when it was built. Sir Edmund, who is in the Welsh Guards, married the former Miss Joan Rees, of Llanelli, in 1942. The baby is to have two names, Henry Edgar—Henry after his paternal grandfather, and Edgar after his mother's father.



A Prince and His Sisters

Prince Jean, heir to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Irish Guards, is seen here with his sisters, Princesses Elizabeth and Marie Adelaide, who are training in this country to be nurses



Gen. Dobbie's Daughter Married

Miss Sybil G. S. Dobbie, only daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie, former Governor of Malta, was married at Camberley to Major P. E. Johnston, R.A., son of the late Col. and Mrs. Johnston, of Bedford



Frances Day, Auctioneer

A brace of pheasants, presented by the Earl of Warwick, was auctioned by Frances Day, the well-known actress, in aid of A.A. Command Welfare Fund, at a party at the Chilean Embassy

New Ballet

LIGHT and sparkling, clear and cool and fresh and exhilarating as a windswept spring day, *Promenade*, the new Ninette de Valois ballet presented by the Sadler's Wells Company, is an unqualified success. The music is from Haydn, the scenery (a delicious blowy space with trees and two inconsequent chairs) and clothes (including a Napoleonic soldier with ladies whisking along the far edge of his period) are by Hugh Stevenson. Gordon Hamilton is delightful as the Lepidopterist who meanders about absorbed in butterfly-net and book, and oblivious of the gay goings-on all about. The Company's usual high standard of excellence is upheld all through by every occupant of the stage, whether it is full, or the scene of a rendezvous or *Pas de Trois*.

Back-Stage Parties

TWO back-stage parties fell on the same night—one at the Ambassadors Theatre to celebrate the birthday party of Hermione Gingold and, incidentally, the eve of her one-thousandth performance in intimate revue at this theatre—and the other at the New Theatre to mark the one-thousandth performance of *Quiet Week-end*. The first was unlike most



Two at the Bagatelle

Mr. Ian Galloway, recently repatriated after three years in a German prison camp, was having dinner one night with Mrs. Patrick Smythe. She was Diana Mills, and was married in 1939



A Cocktail-Party and Auction for the A.A. Welfare Fund at the Chilean Embassy

Mme. Marcos Vega, whose husband is Chilean Air Attaché in London, and Mrs. Richard Tauber, actress wife of the famous singer, were being entertained at the party by Capt. J. M. Davis, R.A.



The Chilean Ambassador, who lent the Chilean Embassy for the party, was talking to Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command. The proceeds of the occasion were given to the A.A. Welfare Fund

back-stage parties in that there were few stars, the guests of honour being the theatre staff—stage hands, dressers, carpenters, electricians, front-of-house girls, and so on. Good-byes had to be said to Walter Crisham, who is leaving the cast at the end of the month to go to the Middle East with Hermione Baddeley, but there was a welcome for Henry Kendall, who will be taking over from him, and for Gretchen Franklin, who has taken over from Brenda Bruce and has scored such a hit in the Clippie number and in her impression of Mary Jerrold in the Arsenic and Old Shows number.

The *Quiet Week-End* party was given by Mr. Bronson Albery and Mr. Howard Wyndham. In contrast to the other, it was an all-star performance. Robert Helpmann was there; so were Gordon Harker, Robertson Hare, Basil Radford, Joyce Barbour, Richard Bird, Frank Pettingell, Patrick Hamilton, Carla Lehmann, Joyce Redman, David Horne, Trevor Howard, Terence Rattigan, Anthony Asquith, Michael Shepley, and so on and on. It was a particularly well-chosen night for celebration, for the author, Esther McCracken, who is the first woman playwright ever to achieve the distinction of one thousand consecutive performances, had just received the good news that her

(Concluded on page 376)



A Tea Dance in Aid of Toc. H.

The Countess of Abingdon was amongst the people who went to the tea dance at Claridges, which was held in aid of the Toc. H. War Services Fund

There was a variety of amusements for guests at the Toc. H. tea dance, including a "Hoop-la" stall, at which Lady Chetwynd and her daughter presided



On Leave or Off Duty: Some Londoners Dining Out

Amongst the diners at the ever-popular Bagatelle was Mrs. Sandy Cameron, with two escorts; Mr. Simon Baring and Capt. Alastair Stewart, M.C., who, deep in conversation, ignored the photographer



Swaebe

Two more at the same night haunt were Mrs. Reginald Sheffield and Baron de Tuyl. She is Sir Berkeley Sheffield's daughter-in-law, and was the widow of Lt.-Cdr. Glen Kidston



1. The play opens with a reception at the home of Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern (Manning Whiley and Rosemary Scott). Into the luxurious setting arranged by Rex Whistler walks Lady Markby (Dame Irene Vanbrugh), and with her her friend from Vienna, Mrs. Cheveley—a newcomer to London society



2. Mrs. Cheveley has a letter of Sir Robert's with which she attempts to blackmail him into supporting a spurious canal scheme. He is tempted to agree but prevented by his wife (Manning Whiley, Rosemary Scott)



5. Lord Goring: "Vulgarity is simply the conduct of other people" Lord Goring, son of the Earl of Caversham, K.G. (Roland Culver), is a man with a philosophy of his own. It is he who skilfully saves his friend, Sir Robert Chiltern, from the dangerous schemes of the adventuress, Mrs. Cheveley. Phipps, his servant, is played by Townsend Whitling



6. Lord Goring: "For so well-dressed a woman, Mrs. Cheveley, you have moments of admirable common sense" The brooch in Lord Goring's possession proves his trump-card with Mrs. Cheveley. He threatens to expose her as the thief unless she hands over Sir Robert's incriminating letter with which she has been blackmailing him

"An Ideal Husband"

Oscar Wilde's Play of Victorian Diplomacy
Revived by Robert Donat



3. After the Chilterns' reception a brooch is found by Miss Mabel Chiltern (Peggy Bryan). She hands it to her fiancé, Lord Goring (Roland Culver), who recognises it as one stolen some time before from a cousin of his



4. The present state of society is deplored by Lady Markby (Dame Irene Vanbrugh) to her two friends, Mrs. Cheveley (Muriel Hunt), left, and Lady Chiltern (Rosemary Scott), right. "I'm sure I don't know half the people who come to my house," she says. "Indeed, from all I hear, I shouldn't like to"

• Robert Donat has chosen *An Ideal Husband* as the first play to be presented under his management at the Westminster Theatre. It was written by Oscar Wilde in the summer of 1894 at the same time that he wrote *The Importance of Being Earnest* and produced in the following year at the Haymarket Theatre. Briefly, it is the story of a rising politician, Sir Robert Chiltern, who in youth is said to have founded his fortune by disclosing a Cabinet secret to a stockbroker. The ghost of his past walks in the sinister person of Mrs. Cheveley and is finally satisfactorily laid by his good friend and brother-in-law-to-be, Lord Goring

Photographs by Edward Mandinian



7. Lord Goring: "I only read the *Morning Post*. All that one should know . . . is where the Duchesses are; anything else is quite demoralising" Lord Goring arouses the indignation of his father (Esme Percy), when he announces that he has not read Sir Robert's speech denouncing the Canal Scheme



8. Sir Robert: "Is it love you feel for me, or is it pity, merely?" With Lord Goring's sympathetic help, the misunderstanding between Sir Robert Chiltern and his wife is cleared up, and when Mrs. Cheveley so conveniently disappears, the crisis is over and the diplomatic future of Sir Robert, who is now Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is assured

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THOSE rich deep-scented red Persian roses in full bloom which so entranced the special correspondents at the Teheran Conference—there can't be much fundamentally wrong with a Fleet Street boy who is thrilled by the beauty of a rose—are of the breed called *Rosa centifolia*, tell Mumsie.

We got this information some time ago not from any vile scrub-souled rose-grower but from that distinguished and jolly Orientalist Sir Edward Denison Ross, lately dead, alas. In the 1880's a traveller brought to Kew from Naishápur some cuttings from the rose-bushes at the tomb of Omar Khayyám, whom Ross used to call the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of Persia. Some years later a bush of them was planted at the head of the grave of Omar's interpreter, Edward FitzGerald, at Boulge, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, where they are said to flourish today. They are that kind of fullblown rose of which the futile Omar speaks; also the great Firdausi and the eminent Sa'di of Shiraz, whose chief poetic work, the *Gulistán*, or Rose-Garden, translated by Burton, is full of cracks like :

"Whoever associates with bad people will see no good."

"Not everyone who is handsome in form possesses a good character."

"To strike a lion and to grasp a sword with the hand is not the part of an intelligent man."

"Bid farewell to pleasure in a house where the shouting of a woman is loud."

The Noel Coward of the mystic East, we guess.

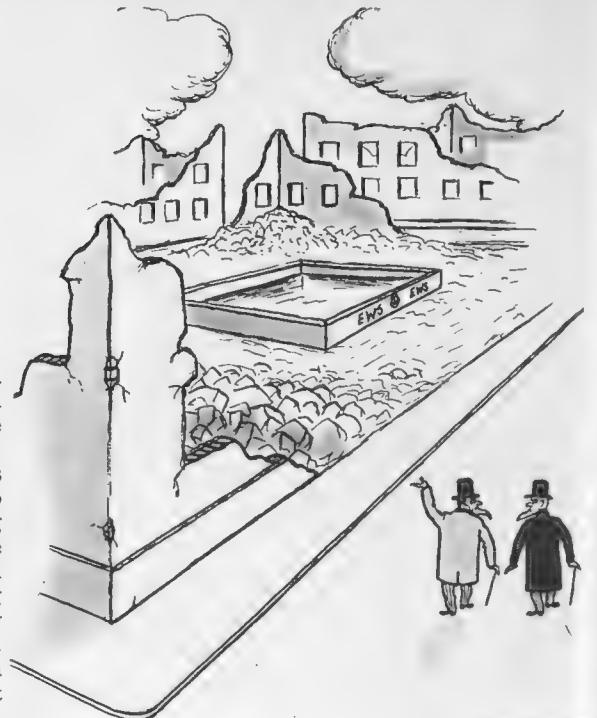
Idea

REVIVING the Farringdon Ward Club—the Ward of Farringdon Without includes one-fifth of the City, with the Temple, Fleet Street, and Smithfield—the pursy cits concerned say they are going to discuss post-war problems affecting the Ward. To purify and restore the Fleet River to daylight would be one symbolic and encouraging welcome to the New Utopia they might consider, we venture to urge.

The Fleet, coming down from Hampstead, flows pretty feebly at present under Farringdon Street, across Ludgate Circus, and down New Bridge Street into the Thames at Blackfriars. In the 13th century the Prior of the London Carmelites was protesting that its stench killed the fragrance of the incense used in his great church, and probably some of the brethren. More and more magnificently stank the Fleet till they finally closed it over in the early 19th century: apart from its own rich mud, it was then full of dead dogs and rubbish of every kind. And when the Fleet was driven underground the newspaper Press rose to take its place, smelling sweet and fresh as a May morning.

Dip

A PURIFIED, crystalline Fleet River flowing gently between ornamental banks from Hampstead to Blackfriars in years to come would be a fitting symbol of the *Daily*



"There you are—suffragettes!"

Snoop and its colleagues and a tribute to their efforts in the cause of making the citizenry better men. Foreigners would pause on Ludgate Bridge and sniff and say: "Juste Ciel! What is this delicious scent of lilies-of-the-valley?" It would be Auntie *Times*'s Advertising Dept., hastening to plunge in the limpid, lifegiving stream before beginning the day's labours for Humanity.

Problem

TICKING off a local sweetheart for "insulting" his police-court the other day by appearing in slacks (she probably thought she was turning his measly court into a new, more glorious Versailles, if she resembled most trousered cuties), a magistrate might have quoted the leading case of *Chopin v. George Sand*.

Music-historians never say how Chopin reacted when La Sand first swaggered into the drawing-room at Majorca, cigar in mouth, in her ample velvet pants, pushing hip after opulent hip, as Robert Benchley said of Mae West. Our belief is that Chopin's first visit to London in the 1830's, when he saw practically nobody but the Broadwoods, was for the purpose of getting Broadwood to build him a special concert-grand into which he could put George Sand without having to interrupt his work when her trousered curves became intolerable. It's not difficult to see him poring excitedly over the plans in Broadwood's office.

"You'll want the lid down and locked, Monseer Chopin, I take it?"

"Mais oui, naturellement."

"H'm... Well, if you shove her in here, at B, that'll mean getting her feet mixed up with the hammers of the top octave. Unless you don't mind having her feet outside?"

"Ah, ça, bon Dieu, je m'en fiche pas mal! Pauvre petit, cœur! Beeg loofy feet, hein? Quel spectacle! Bah! Allez-y, coco!"

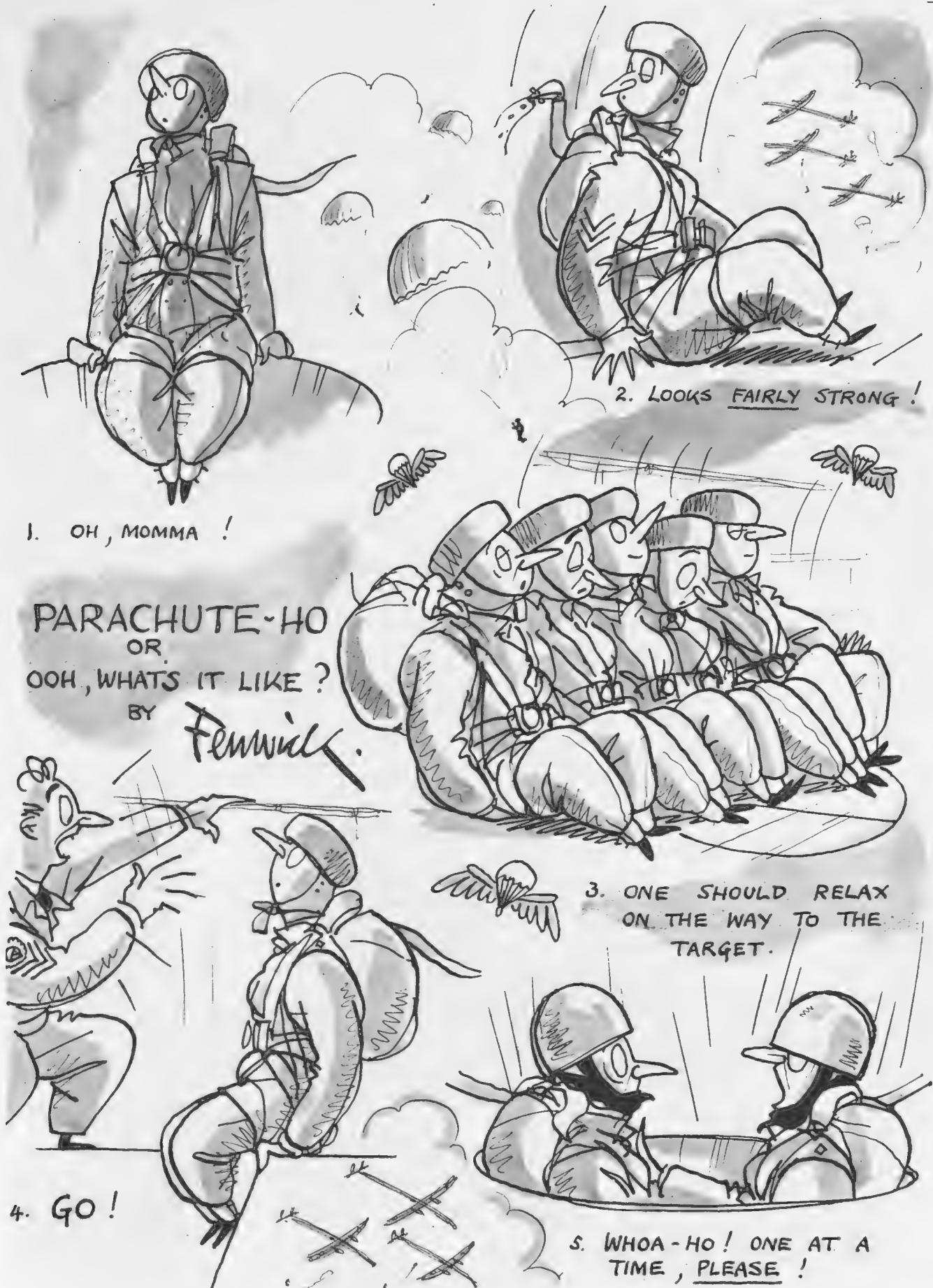
"Right. Feet outside, Charley."

"Ay, ay, sir."

(Concluded on page 366)



"Gentlemen, I wish to remind you that at our last meeting some of my rulings were greeted with catcalls"



1. Anyone finding themselves sitting on the edge of a precipice, their feet dangling in space, has every right to feel like the above party, who, in a matter of seconds now, will be plopping off into space without much outward visible sign of assistance.

2. As that steel eye and hook have to take the strain of pulling the cover off your parachute to open it, the above-mentioned hook plays quite a part in future happiness.

3. For any large man, especially one of 6 ft. 4 in., such as your humble artist, the sitting position, once you are hooked up, is not the most comfortable in the world. So when the plane begins to get near the target area, you save a lot of extra fatigue and strain by being able to sit unhooked, and relax as far as possible, which isn't far.

4. There comes a tide in the life of all men, di-da, di-da, di-da; well, such a moment as is shown above is one of those tides; and taken at the flood or not, out you — well go, and Robert's your esteemed relation. The R.A.F. Sergeant Instructor "helps" anyone showing any indecision—or doubt.

5. The hole by which you go to join the world below is not all that big; and if two people go out together in the excitement of the moment, things are apt to get jammed up. A gentle push in the other guy's kisser, as they say, is a good way of ensuring a speedy, if not particularly friendly parting. You, of course, should do the pushing.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

That solved Chopin's problem, in our unfortunate view, as it has solved many pianists' domestic problems since.

Clubman

To us the jewel of the current Redfern Gallery show of theatrical, sporting and other pictures and prints is Max Beerbohm's sextuple drawing of E. V. Lucas called "The Six-Club Man," of which we treasure a copy.

To belong to six utterly different West End clubs needs some dressing-up. The incomparable Beerbohm pencil therefore shows Lucas as a valued member of the Garrick (monocle, morning dress, buttonholed by Sir Squire Bancroft), the Savage (Bohemian sombrero, cloak, and muffler, buttonholed by Mostyn Piggott), the Burlington Fine Arts (fine arts tie, snug expression, buttonholed by Roger Fry), the National Sporting (tough grey bowler, cutty pipe, fancy waistcoat, buttonholed by a heavyweight gorilla), Brooks's (elegant dinner-jacket, cigar, buttonholed by Lord Asquith), and the Athenaeum, the final apotheosis, showing Lucas in moony spectacles and a flowing white bogus beard, in earnest conversation with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Footnote

LIKE Barrie, "E.V." managed successfully to dodge most of his clubs. The one that epicure really cared about was a little sawdusty restaurant in the Avenue de Neuilly in Paris called the Café du Progrès, where the shirtsleeved proprietor wore a cycling cap and knelt matily on one knee by your side when composing a luncheon. Cooking and wine, we need not add, were exquisite, and you had to take a terrific oath never to let any outsider know about the place. The House of the Gardener was the name it went by among Lucasians. Gardener, gardener, where are you now? What hideous Boche feet trample your flowerbeds?

Case

THAT shrill recent row over price-adjustments between Suffolk farmers and the Ministry of Agriculture, ending in the farmers' demanding an apology for being insulted, embarrasses us somewhat down in the Southern Hick Belt. We feel that complaining of being insulted by Bureaucracy is like complaining of being insulted by a rick-full of rats. We suspect farmers who cry out like that to be repressed types, adrenalin-secreters—maybe what the once-eminent psychiatrist Charcot used to call *les grands hystériques*.

Anxiety-hysteria and lack of automotor-control among farmers, causing them to feel insulted by bureaucrats, is something new in hayseed circles, a Harley Street psychopath told us last week. He recently analysed a stout healthy farmer suffering from

Grummitt's Fixation, brought on by filling up 35 Ministry forms a night over seven weeks, and found him perfectly normal, except that he gave his name as Edna May. This conversation followed:

"Edna May?"
"Ur."
"Of 'The Belle of New York'?"
"Ur."
"You don't look much like a musical-comedy star of the 1890's to me."
"You aāun't zeen Oi up to caāpers."
"No... No, of course. Well—er—this is very interesting."
"Ur."

This Edna May complained bitterly about being followed round by rooks and daws mocking at his tambourine-work. "The poor chawbacon," said the Harley Street psychopath to us, "turned out to be quite cracked, of course. Fancy thinking he was Edna May! What rot! Why, I'm Edna May," said this Harley Street psychopath, executing a quick pirouette and floating out of the room gracefully on the tips of his toes.

Bargain

A WELLKNOWN London publisher paid £14,000 the other day for a two-year-old colt at Newmarket, which is about 5000 times as much as the average publisher will speculate at those auctions of booksy girls at Tattersall's.

This old-established British way of disposing of surplus female novelists at



"Don't you just adore being alone with Tchaikovsky, Commander?"



"I say, there—I said 'halt' ages ago!"

the end of the publishing season has led many a hunting man into temporary error. That arch squealing and kicking and neighing, the hard-faced, bloodshot publishers standing round, cigar in mouth, the ratty publishers' marks dodging to and fro with head-ropes and smelling-salts, the weary voice and bored eyes of the auctioneer—what a familiar scene it is.

"Two guineas I'm bid. Two guin—"

"And a half."

"Come, come, gentlemen, Miss Gowle was one of the fifty-nine sensations of the Spring List! Two and a half—thank you, sir. Three guineas I'm bid. Three guineas for the author of *Flaming Lips*, which gave Agate the sicks. Three guin—"

"Trot her round again, will you?"

(Interval for head-tossing, plunging, and ogling.)

"Hard mouth, huh?"

"Bit of a roarer, if you ask me."

Eventually a publisher raised his card at five guineas or so and Miss Gowle trots out of the ring. You ask what happens to these sale-bargains! Some of them are driven ruthlessly back to work. Others, if a humane publisher buys them, may be turned out to grass at the P.E.N. Club Memorial Home. Our Dumb Chums' League refuses to intervene in this traffic, on the ground that 98 per cent. of these victims of booksy-trade cruelty are very far from dumb.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

Mr. R. K. Law, M.P.: Minister of State

The well-earned promotion of Mr. Richard Kidston Law from the post of Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office to that of Minister of State was a consequence of the Ministerial changes which took place in September on the appointment of a new Chancellor of the Exchequer. Though a new Under-Secretary has been appointed, the new Minister continues his work of assisting Mr. Eden in the same department at the Foreign Office. A son of the late Rt. Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, a former Prime Minister, Mr. Law married in 1929 Miss Mary Virginia Nellis, of New York. He has always been very interested in relations between this country and America, where he worked for some time as a journalist, and last year, at the invitation of Lord Halifax, went to the U.S.A. to study at first hand the American affairs and point of view. Mr. Law has represented South-West Hull in the House of Commons since 1931, and attained his present post at the age of forty-two.

At Home Pictures



Lady Stewart-Clarke
and Noreena

Warming themselves by the fire were Lady Stewart-Clarke and her thirteen-year-old daughter. They are the wife and daughter of Sir Stewart Stewart-Clarke, Bt., of Dundas Castle, South Queensferry, who is serving in the Royal Artillery. There is also a son, John, a year older than Noreena. Lady Stewart-Clarke is the late Major Arundell Clarke's daughter



Lady Diana Abdy and Her Son

Lady Diana Abdy playing trains Valentine. She Abdy's second daughter of the 1 man. Her hu Newton Ferrars, where this photog was partly destroy in the war, the enemy action. works for the lo



Lady Mary Dunn with Serena and Nell

Right: Looking more like the elder sister of her two little girls, Lady Mary Dunn posed with them for this charming picture. She is the wife of Mr. Philip Dunn, who is serving in the Army abroad, and is a daughter of the late Earl of Rosslyn. Her husband is the only son of Sir James Dunn, Bt.

Photograph
Cecil Be



Lady Rothschild with
Jacob and Sarah

Lord Rothschild's wife and two elder children looked down from the steps of a caravan in the park of their Tring estate. The big house is shut up and they are living in one of the cottages. Lord and Lady Rothschild have another daughter, Miranda, born in 1940



The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt and Her Son

Left: Little Richard Strutt, seated on his mother's knee, is the son of Major the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Coldstream Guards, and is Lord Belper's only grandson. Mrs. Strutt is the late Sir Harry Mainwaring's only daughter, and her marriage took place in 1940

Women in Uniform



Swaebe
Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy

The stripes on Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy's arm denote her three years of service as a V.A.D. nurse, which included the time of the London air raids. She is fully qualified and works at St. Thomas's Hospital. Twenty-five years old, she is a sister of the late Duke of Grafton and of Lady Jane Nelson



Harlip
Mrs. W. J. Austin

A subaltern in the A.T.S., Mrs. Austin was married recently. She is the second daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews, of Aston Hall, Sheffield, and her husband, Lt.-Col. William James Austin, R.E.M.E., is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Austin, of Chelmsford



Harlip
Miss E. O. Thompson

Miss Thompson is serving in the M.T.C. She is a daughter of Col. Reginald Thompson, D.S.O., J.P., of Whitemoor, Ollerton, Nottinghamshire. Her father has been joint-Master of the Rufford Hounds with the Duke of Portland for twelve years



Harlip
Mrs. Charles Waterhouse

The wife of Capt. Charles Waterhouse, M.C., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary at the Board of Trade, is Commandant of the Red Cross Hospital at her home in Derbyshire. She was, before her marriage, Miss Beryl Christol Ford, of New South Wales



Harlip
Miss Elizabeth Bayley

Left: Driving for the U.S. Forces, Miss Bayley is the only child of Col. George Bayley, C.B.E., D.S.O., of the Staff College, Camberley, and Mrs. Bayley, and is a granddaughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Alexander Fortescue, C.B., C.M.G.



Hay Wrightson
Lady Congleton, M.B.E.

The widow of the late Lord Congleton is a very hard-working member of the South Hampshire W.V.S., for which she was formerly assistant county organiser. She is the younger sister of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Her eldest daughter is in the A.T.S.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Merrie Christmas—and Many Merrier!

"So Gracious is the Time!"

OR isn't it? The officer of the watch those many years ago on Elsinore also made the remark that "the nights are wholesome" at this particular season when the "bird of dawning sings all night long," and that no spirit dares abroad and no witch has power to charm. We, of a more modern world, think Marcellus very out-of-date, and cannot but wonder what he would have said if he had lived through that which we know. The mistake we have made, and are still making, is to have ceased to believe that in every contest there are always two sides, and that the Opposition may have one or two pretty good bats, quite capable of playing the best bowling we have for an uncomfortably long time—nearly breaking its back, in fact—till, at last, comes along that right ball, fizzing red-hot off the pitch, that puts paid to the whole shooting match and sends their last wicket back to the Pavilion.

Our Own Fault

IS it not palpable? In olden times, they were never so stupid as to do as we have done and laugh at the idea of there being such a person as "Muckle-Horned Clootie," and they had a very lively belief in his existence and in that of his large assortment of Gauleiter. Now, no one likes being ignored and treated like mud, and we, having so fecklessly failed to lock the stable door twenty-five years ago, ought not to be vastly surprised that this mob of biting, squealing, bucking Brumbies has got loose and played even worse havoc than it did last time. Can anyone doubt that, in addition to the Old 'Un himself, there are still at large, with their horns and tails and cloven hoofs as large as life, Setebos, who can roar like a bull; the uncleanly hill-man, Belphegor; Lucifer the Sottish; Demogorgon, a very nasty person, Beelzebub and Mammon; Belial, who was even shunned by all the others, who lived

in the West End of Hades; Davy Jones, of Tredegar; Morbleu, the French one, to say nothing of their numerous, and very vulgar, female associates, Astarte the Brazen, Medusa the Vamp, Hecate the Hell Cat, and many, many more. It ought not to tax the woolliest intellect to put the modern names to them.

And they are all-on the bust again, just to larn us, and because we were so abysmally stupid as not to lock them up for keeps last time and then throw away the key. If we make the same mistake a second time, we shall deserve everything that will most surely come to us.

Pity the Poor Artists

THE Christmas-card ones are meant most especially, who, owing to our failure to put the Old (and disreputable) Firm of Nicholas, Belphegor and Co., Unltd., out of action, are deprived of so many of their ancient and rightful privileges. How can they, for instance, produce any pictures of the merry fox-hunt in full blast in deep snow, the pink coats making such a nice spot of colour against the silvery background? We have always forgiven them for not knowing that snow, balling in a horse's foot, brings him down just as surely as a banana skin does (or did) Mr. Billie Brown, of London Town. It was only the butter in Grudon's hoofs that enabled him to win the snowstorm Grand National of 1901. But fox-hunters never take half a pound of even best margarine out with them. Gone, also, are the chances for picturing jovial landlords, whose noses have cost them a small fortune, filling the flowing bowl for their equally rubicund clients. High Toby men, coaches bogged down and robins standing on one leg on a smoking-hot plum-pudding may still remain, but, frankly, they never have cut much ice. Christmas cards of the benevolent carvers of turkeys and chines, and sucking-pigs chewing that now obsolete fruit, the lemon, seem a bit cruel in times when we are lucky if we get a scrawny barn-doorer and some Spam; and even lambs nibbling warily at a bit of holly are a bit out of place in this noisy, muddle-headed world of to-day.



D. R. Stuart

Tennis Champion in Uniform

Miss Jean Saunders, the well-known British tennis champion, who went to live in Canada before the war, recently arrived here with a contingent of the R.C.A.F. She works in the equipment section

In view of the fact that good King Wenceslaus of Bohemia was most probably a Czech, he also fails the artists, because in view of the present tragic circumstances, any pictured reference to him would be maladroit. The Huns of his day (1419) slew him just as they did his contemporary, Johann Huss, burned on the stones in Konstanz in 1415, both because they ventured to disagree with the Sauhunde! Hitler and his Huns are not new. So let us spare a tear for all these kindly gentlemen the artists, who have done so much in the past to preserve the Christmas spirit and would go on doing it, if they had even a dog's chance.

Haunts

THE subject is deemed seasonable, and is always extremely popular, at this time of year, and it is extremely probable that there does not exist a person who has not been told the vivid and blood-curdling tale of some absolutely authentic haunt, "for I have lived in the very house, you disbelieving ape, so I know," and has felt bound to come back at the liar with an even bigger one! All the haunts with which, personally, I have come in contact have been concerned with very old houses, and apparently they claim an absolute monopoly of this sort of thing. Why modern

(Concluded on page 372)



G.O.C. the Royal Marines

Lt.-Gen. Thomas Lionel Hunton, C.B., M.V.O., O.B.E., with forty years of service in the Royal Marines, is the first R.M. officer to bear the title of General Officer Commanding the force. Up till now there has always been an Adjutant-General. Gen. Hunton is fifty-eight



On Board a British Battle-Cruiser

Capt. W. E. Parry, C.B., who commands H.M.S. Renown, is seen seated in his cabin with Cdr. Conder, D.S.O., D.S.C. Capt. Parry previously commanded H.M.S. Achilles, which took part in the Battle of the River Plate, and he was the first Naval member of the New Zealand Naval Board from 1940 to 1942



Christmas (Race) Cards: by "The Tout"

The Hon. George Lambton, despite his age, is still a very live wire among present-day trainers, and his charges will no doubt be holding their own again when the next racing season comes round. Harry Peacock trains the horses owned by those cheery Glasgow sportsmen, Messrs. McKinlay and Stevenson. A few years back the partners won the Lincoln with Jerome Fandor, while Latoi picked up several races for them, including a Liverpool Spring Cup in 1937. Gerald Deane is, of course, the senior partner of Messrs. Tattersall's. Harry Brown ranks as one of the best G.R.s of all time

Pictures in the Fire

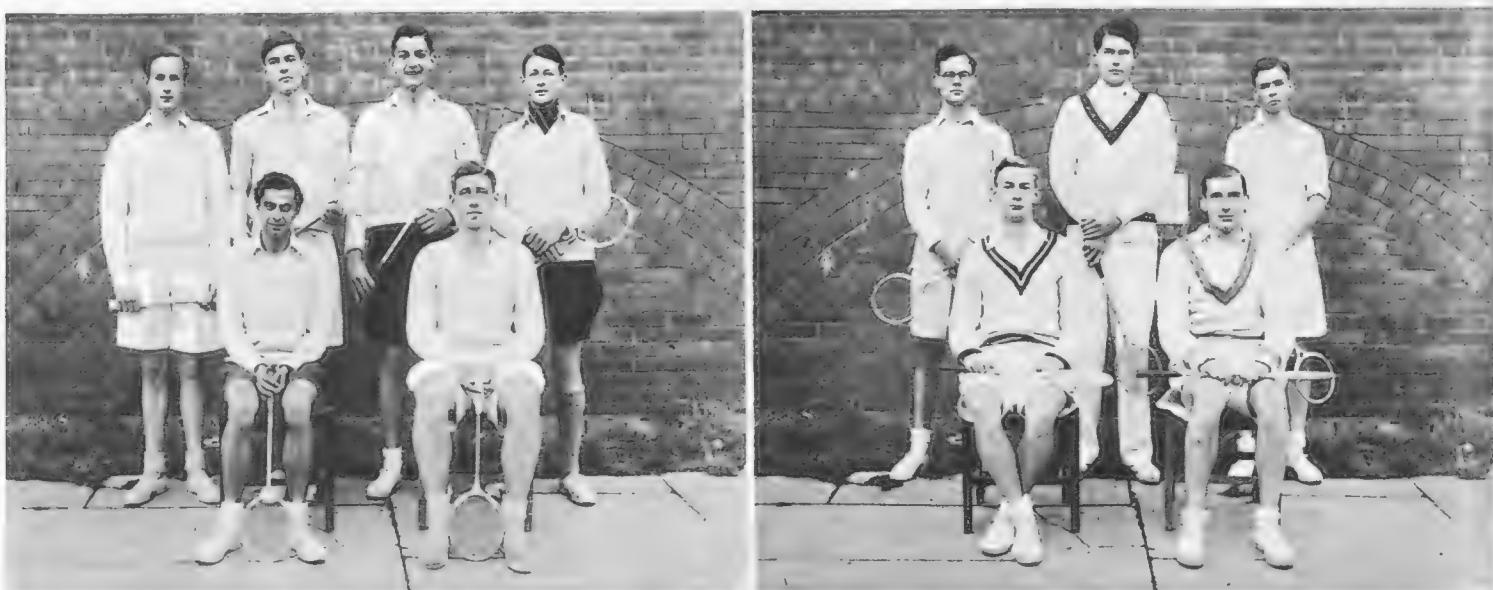
(Continued)

places, such as The Crumbles, and somewhere else, where a gentleman cut his lady-love up into little bits, should be elbowed out, I do not know. Is Dr. Crippen's old house haunted? I will wager that no one has even so much as suggested that it should be! This exclusiveness on the part of the ghosts seems to be most undemocratic. Why should they all flock to Windsor Castle, The Tower, Fotheringay and Holyrood House? A bit snobbish, I think, but there it is! On the other hand: why on earth there is no perpetual haunt at Littlecote Hall, on the Bath Road not far from Newbury, I have never been able to understand. If ever there has been a place thoroughly well furnished with everything a ghost could possibly require, Littlecote is it, but the main haunt is outside. It was at Littlecote that the infamous Wild Darrell (look up your *Rokeby* and read all about it) roasted a newborn babe on the fire, and so, 'tis said, kept his heel on it till it was just cinders.

Broke His Neck

THE murderer was haunted by a roasted baby, but the house, I am told, is more or less spectre-free. Wild Darrell (or Dayrell) eventually broke his ruddy—a literal, and not an expletive, epithet—jumping a stile when out hunting with his own hounds. The roasted baby suddenly appeared before him just as his rather blown horse was taking off. They say that if you are lucky, and the season is suitable, you can come across Wild Darrell and his hounds hunting their ghostly fox by moonlight. I have never seen him myself, but I hope that that will not put anyone off trying his luck.

The big haunt ought, however, to be in the bedroom, with the midwife Mrs. Barnes, who was brought there blindfolded, cutting that bit off the bed curtain that so nearly hanged Wild Darrell, and would have done so completely if he had not nobbled the judge and the jury. All this happened in Good Queen Bess's golden days. Much worse has happened in our modern times—at Lidice, just to quote one of millions of murders—yet no one talks of their being haunted. Why? There are many houses which lay no claim at all, but which, the moment you set foot over the doorstep, are "funny." There is nothing you can lay hold of, but there is "Something" there nevertheless. No one has ever been murdered in them and they may never have harboured so much as a share-pusher, but . . . !



Inter-University Squash Rackets at Cambridge

The Cambridge Squash Rackets team, seen above, beat Oxford by 4 rubbers to 1 when they met at Cambridge. Sitting: M. A. Dalal (non-playing captain), N. G. Darragh. Standing: I. N. Mitchell, P. C. F. Bramwell, P. R. Baelz, J. M. Peake

R. V. Waterhouse, of the Oxford team shown here, scored the only rubber against Cambridge for his side that day. Sitting: R. V. Waterhouse, P. H. Nye. Standing: J. Dismoor, J. B. Thursfield, T. C. Willis-Fleming

D. R. Stuart



M.T.B. on Christmas Day Patrol

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

While landsmen get down to turkey and plum-pudding (or their nearest wartime equivalents), our convoys and their escorts will be on their way—and holly and home-comforts don't grow in the North Sea or the English Channel, where our light naval forces will be patrolling. "If the weather is foul," our artist writes, "this picture tells a true story. I've had Christmas at sea under similar conditions in the last war, so I know. Still, 'Intent Look-out' doesn't quite drive the picture of those at home from one's mind. This drawing is just a Christmas tribute and a suggestion: remember the men of the 'little ships' on Christmas Day, and give them a toast of thanks." And so say all of us, for the M.T.B.s and their R.N.V.R. crews—mostly amateurs drawn from every walk of life—have written with countless deeds of daring and devotion their own saga of the sea

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Double Duty

An artist has his style, a great firm its character. . . ." Occurring in the Prologue to Charles Morgan's *The House of Macmillan: 1843-1943* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), these words promise discernment: the promise has been fulfilled. The story of the famous publishing house, written by one of its outstanding novelists, could not better commemorate the centenary. The book is more than a record—though, as a record, it could hardly be more interesting. As a tribute, it gains by its frank detachment. It is, above all, a character-study, in the sense of the quotation with which I start.

There is a romantic element about any enterprise. The out-and-out "success story" may, it is true, be cynically dismissed—in that case, we take it that the success has been facile, or ostentatious, or gained by unworthy means. The very word "success" implies quick returns. It is, therefore, not a word that has any place in the really big man's vocabulary: he only thinks in terms of, and works towards, the realisation of his dominating idea. Often the realisation is very slow; seldom does it occur at any one given moment; sometimes the man himself may not live to see it. Of the two Scottish brothers who founded Macmillan's—on nothing, at first, more material than their own ideas—one died before the firm's present-day size and status could be so much as envisaged; one lived to direct the venture till it was a venture no longer, and left it steady upon its course.

"Publishing," says the wrapper, "though a trade, can never be an impersonal one, having a double duty to literature and the community. . . ."

Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, who, as two young booksellers, published the first book to bear the Macmillan imprint on November 10th, 1843, showed the right mixture of idealism and flair. Their having got so far as to publish anything was, in itself, the result of tenacity. They had come south to London—Daniel first, Alexander later—unknown; they lacked both money and backing. Five years apart in age, they were children of a large family, raised in poverty and self-educated—their self-education was never to stop. But their mother, Katherine Macmillan, had endowed them with her vigorous spirit; and Katherine's children were never without friends. "There must," Mr. Morgan imagines, "have been Scots who failed for lack of industry, or of Scottish friends, or of a good mother. The biography of one of them would be unique."

So hardy, hard-headed, but with a visionary streak, this unknown couple invaded the London book-world. Taking what work they could get, they lived penuriously. London failing at first to offer a hopeful door, Alexander reluctantly took what there was in Cambridge. It was here that he and his brother

opened a bookshop in Trinity Street. This became the rendezvous for all eager minds—the already distinguished, the still unknown. When, in time, the Macmillans could open a London premises it was to acquire fame in the same way. Victorian literary lions were bonhomous; talk not only ranged far, but lasted late. And while talk warmed, tobacco thickened the air—it was the manly pipe, not the decadent cigarette. It was Tennyson of whom one of the brothers said: "He smokes like a Christian." From this circle around the bookshops the Macmillans drew those friends who became their authors.

Expansion

THE bookselling business was nothing more than a step to the never-relinquished project of publishing. In their new role, the Macmillans had to make a place for themselves—big, long-established firms were well in the field already, and had claims on most authors of repute. The Macmillans, therefore, must begin with beginners. Their capital, also, was negligible.

We have commenced in a small way [writes Daniel, in a letter at the outset of his career as a publisher]. If a large tree grows from this small seed we shall be grateful. If not, we shall be content; we shall feel that it is as it ought to be. We are determined that it shall not fail through indolence or extravagance. If business should prosper, we shall, both of us, do our best to realise some of our ideals with regard to what should be done for the craftsmen of our land. We feel, however, that the world can go on without us or our ideals; and, in the meantime, we shall strive to do the work that lies nearest to us in the best manner we can.



Mr. Arthur Koestler is the author of that much-discussed novel, "Arrival and Departure," recently published by Jonathan Cape. In reviewing the book in our issue of November 24th, Miss Bowen said: "It seems to me one of the best of this autumn's novels. Contemporary in subject, it has a background of values that do not change. The story contains—in fact, is—an analysis of heroism."

The impressive growth of the tree, between then and now, has been outlined by Mr. Morgan. Daniel's death, in early middle-age, called Alexander to a solitary position he showed himself more than able to fill. Mr. Morgan, in writing *The House of Macmillan*, has had access not only to the firm's records, but to its correspondence files, and the use he has made of them is fascinating. Alexander's letters to authors are not only courteous, but thoroughly understanding—the one to the young Thomas Hardy, about his first novel, is an instance. Here, too, we have Macmillan's readers' reports—most notably, those of John Morley—on manuscripts that have since become famous books.

Mr. Morgan suggests—I imagine, fairly—that Alexander was sometimes unduly influenced by his reader's caution regarding fiction and poetry—an instinctive dislike of the unfamiliar appears in many of the Morley reports. If Hardy were nearly lost, Shaw lost altogether and Yeats only acquired a little late, this would appear to be due to Morley's blind spots. The succeeding of Charles Whibley to Morley's place was marked by a splendid expansion, in the 'nineties, in the matter of imaginative literature. There is a constellation of modern, or recently-modern, names.

With regard to educational, religious and political works, the firm's policy had been from the first much bolder. Alexander did not fear to give the Macmillan imprint to any book that satisfied him by its knowledge, sincerity, independence and force. Around such books, inevitably, controversies from

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

If it be really true that

"by their fruits ye shall

know them," then the

millions spent on education show a very odd harvest. It is my privilege to read dozens of letters received by men lying in hospital and to re-read those sent in return. And, although I am the world's second worst speller—which, perhaps, makes me the more sensitive to such things as "nor" instead of "gnaw," I am nevertheless being continually staggered by the complete lack of orthography discovered in these letters, to say nothing of the rudiments of grammar, while in every case the calligraphy is execrable. Such sentences as: "i of seen yor Dad an he tol me as to tell yew as e was riting," are a common experience; while the difference between "there" and "their," "me" and "my," "shall" and "will" do not exist. Neither does punctuation, beyond a full-stop being indicated by a new sentence on a fresh line.

On the other hand, I am myself instructed on such information as the three longest rivers in the world, the population of Bombay as compared with Calcutta, how Judy Garland first found film fame and the quiet modesty of Mae West in private life. Nevertheless, "Who's he?" applies to any famous author apart from Shakespeare and Dickens, any famous artist apart from Walt Disney, any musician apart from Handel and his "lager," any politician apart from Gladstone and his famous "saying," and any

By Richard King

living "legitimate" actor whomsoever. All useless knowledge, perhaps, if

education has no bearing upon culture, but a slight disappointment following the payment of millions. The "frills" are so apparent, the grounding so sadly lacking.

Well, I suppose culture is also a relative term; and so, if I myself am aware that Goethe is not a mispronounced diminutive of "Gertrude" and the name "Austen" includes a writer as well as a tennis-player, I should nevertheless feel humbled that I can't remember a single Derby winner, even last year's, and am totally ignorant of whom the world's heavyweight champion may be. I suspect, however, that 90 per cent. among young people resist culture all their lives. And where the mind resists, it usually fails to register. So the remaining 10 per cent. take full benefit of the millions spent on their educational behalf. This comparatively small percentage probably applies equally well to all the aspects of life and character and to all stations of life, be it vice or virtue, honesty or dishonesty, weakness or strength, unselfishness or greed. Nevertheless, it inclines a truly cultural civilisation towards a purely wishful horizon, perhaps. Metaphorically speaking, life, I suspect, can only be a torture and an agonising repression to any man with a passionate love of music and art whose economic needs demand that he shall best find a livelihood testing rivets. Culture would be cruelty to him.

(Concluded on page 376)



Bell — Hacket Pain

The marriage of Mr. Adam Bell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell, of Stubb House, Winston, County Durham, and Mrs. Marjorie Katharine Hacket Pain, widow of Major Hacket Pain, Irish Guards, and twin daughter of Lord George Scott and the late Lady Elizabeth Scott, took place at Christ Church, Down Street

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



FitzGeorge-Balfour — Christian

Lt.-Col. Victor FitzGeorge-Balfour, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late R. S. Balfour and Mrs. Balfour, of 47, Wilton Crescent, S.W., married Miss Mary Diana Christian at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace (by permission of the King). The bride is the elder daughter of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian



Johnstone — Keylock

Left: Capt. Andrew R. J. Johnstone, The Royal Scots Greys, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Johnstone, of Halleaths, Dumfries-shire, and Miss Anne Merrifield Keylock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Keylock, of Falmouth House, Newmarket, Peter's, Vere Street



Stanton — Robinson

The marriage took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, between Lt. Geoffrey Nelson Stanton, K.O.Y.L.I., only son of the late Capt. C. A. Stanton and Mrs. Stanton, of Yarmouth, I.O.W., and Miss Suzanne Audrey Robinson, only daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. G. St. G. Robinson, of 4, Ashburn Place, S.W.



Ropner — Scofield

Lt. Robert Douglas Ropner, R.A., only son of Sir Robert and Lady Ropner, of Skutterskelfe, Hutton Rudby, Yorkshire, married Miss Patricia Kathleen Scofield, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Scofield, of Blair Lodge, West Malling, Kent



Langley — Van Lier

The marriage of Major James M. Langley, M.B.E., M.C., Coldstream Guards, son of Major F. O. Langley, M.C., Metropolitan Magistrate, and Mrs. Langley, of Alderton, Woodbridge, to Miss Peggy Van Lier, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Van Lier, of Johannesburg, took place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

husband, Lt.-Col. Angus McCracken, who is with the Eighth Army, has been awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry on the Salerno beaches.

In Westminster

WELL-THOUGHT-OUT amenities in surroundings of great calm and beauty await members of all ranks of the United States and Dominion Forces at the Churchill Club. The Prime Minister is president of the Club; the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Euan Wallace are joint secretaries; Lady Winchelsea, Lady Dalton and Mrs. Dempster are in command of the well-documented Information Bureau; and Mr. Frederick Ralli, Lady Erne and Mrs. A. Sewell (she and Mrs. Euan Wallace are sisters, and were formerly the Misses Lutyens, daughters of the famous architect), and many other distinguished workers help with the smooth running of meals, entertainments and interest departments. Discussion evenings are arranged by Mrs. Geoffrey Mander and Lady Clark. Among recent speakers have been Rose Macaulay and Stephen Spender; Myra Hess played at one of the concerts lately, and the Manhattan String Quartet (from the Irving Berlin show) at another. A series of exhibitions of pictures, arranged by Sir Kenneth Clark, enliven the walls of the reading-room; and there are also photograph exhibitions of great interest.

The Club premises are the former Ashburnham House, bought from Lord Ashburnham by Westminster School, which is now evacuated. The ceilings and doorways are most beautiful; and oil-paintings, lent by Sir Kenneth Clark, hang from the wall of the Inigo Jones staircase. The contents of the library, carefully catalogued by Mr. Ralli, include 5000 books contributed by publishers and many lent privately.

Home from America

MONG recent home-comers after a long hold-up in Lisbon are Lady A. Rennell and her four young daughters, Joanna, Juliet, Mary and Rachel. Almost immediately after their arrival at the Spanish Place home of the Dowager Lady Rennell, they were smitten with the all too fashionable complaint, influenza. To complicate things still further, the Dowager Lady Rennell was herself in bed for the same reason, so there were six invalids in one household. Fortunately, they are all on the mend now. In July this year, Lord Rennell was appointed Chief Civil Affairs Officer in the Anglo-American military government of Sicily. At one time he was closely associated with Mr. Montagu Norman at the Bank of England, and is recognised as one of our most brilliant financial brains. He served in the last war in France, Italy, Egypt and Palestine, and now holds the local rank of Major-General.

Chinese and Belgian Occasions

Left: Dr. Wellington Koo and his wife inspected the pictures at the Exhibition of contemporary paintings by Chinese artists at the R.W.S. Gallery in London, after Dr. Koo had declared it open

Below: Lady Oliphant and Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao were given tea by the Countess de Bousies, at the Belgian refreshment stall in the Red Cross Exhibition at Grosvenor House



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

time to time sprang up. Alexander, while not seeking fights, was a fighter. He pressed for, and gained, reforms in the book trade. His battle with the Times Book Club must have been epic.

Macmillan's Magazine did much to keep literature current: its standard was very high. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Kingsley, Gladstone, Pater, Lewis Carroll (a difficult author), Henry James, Hardy, Kipling, Yeats—these were among the many with whom the firm maintained a cordial and fruitful relationship. Stories of the famous have been touched in by Mr. Morgan with a humour and lightness that conceal discretion. He produces some gems—such as the manly Tom Hughes's perfectly awful letter, on page 45. He writes, too, of Macmillan novelists lately dead: Stella Benson, "Elizabeth" and Hugh Walpole. I admire, and entirely concur with, his tribute to the last; the fashion of jibing at Walpole is disgraceful. Apart from its being a study of a particular firm, *The House of Macmillan* is excellent as a study of publishing in general. Whether you are reader, author or literary aspirant, you can hardly fail, I think, to find living interest in it.

Deadly Orchid

ORCHID was the name, as a *jeune fille*, of the subsequent Empress-Dowager Tzu Hsi, whose life-story has been put into drama form by Maurice Collis in *The Motherly and Auspicious* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). Whether this play would "act well"—whether, in fact, it was even written with the theatre in view—I cannot decide; it makes most entertaining reading. Mr. Collis has given it an historical preface that ought on no account to be missed; it contains a condensed, but satisfactory, account of the Empress-Dowager and her times. It explains, too, the weaknesses of a dynastic system and of a deliberately backward country, by which Tzu Hsi could profit to make her evil career.

She was an opportunist of considerable nerve. There appears no redeeming spot in her character, except that she stood no nonsense from Pekinese dogs. It is hard to realise that Tzu Hsi—born in 1835, dying in 1908—was, roughly, a contemporary of our own good Queen Victoria. Imperial China, up to 1912 and the fall of the Manchu dynasty, appears timeless; throughout *The Motherly and Auspicious* there is an atmosphere of palanquins, almond-yellow satins, white jade, eunuchs, peonies, love-potions, enclosed bright lakes and singing birds. Against this exotic scene of the Great Within, Tzu Hsi's iron intrigues stand out. Stopping at nothing, she died revered by all—she had wiped out any troublesome critics. At her door has been laid the blame for the Boxer Rising, which takes place, off-stage, during the play. It is clear that to further her own ends, she opposed all progress in China. In order to find some moral for Tzu Hsi's success-story, Mr. Collis points out that it was her excesses that opened her country's eyes, precipitated the Revolution and gave us the nobler China we know now. Moral or not, I relished the career of the lady. One can, at least, admire her *sang-froid*.

Orchid, the daughter of a Manchu official, intrigued to leave home for the Great Within and become an Imperial concubine. She was not slow to gain the Emperor's favour, and, in order to consolidate her position, decided to present him with an heir. This being not to be done by natural means, she purchased a baby, whose mother—she, to be on the safe side, had slain. All her slayings were efficiently carried out by her ally, Imperial eunuch Li Lien-ying: these two remained hand-in-glove from start to finish. Having failed to become an empress right out, Tzu Hsi espoused the career of Regent. When the purchased baby grew into an Emperor old enough to annoy her, she slew him, as she had his soi-disant father, her Imperial lover. She then installed, in his place, her infant nephew, whose father, with reason, feared the worst for the child; so a second successful term of Regency opened for her. Her nephew-Emperor she no more than kidnapped—though it goes without saying that she slew his concubine. Her co-Regent, the blowsy Empress Tzu An, was her last victim. You can see that our heroine's patience, like Hitler's, quickly became exhausted. Mr. Collis has handled Tzu Hsi ironically and well. The small scenes from her life are gems. Did I tell you she was a beauty? This also helped.

When the Girls Come Home

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S *British Women go to War* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is, more, as one might expect, than a detailed, respectful picture of women's activities since 1939. To an extent, his writing provides the frame for a series of excellent coloured photographs—of life in the Women's Services, Civil Defence, Industry, Land Army, W.V.S., and so on. But also Mr. Priestley raises questions, and promulgates what may be found disturbing ideas. How is all this realised and released feminine energy to be re-absorbed when war no longer makes demands? Will the community find a place for these Amazons? Will the girls (and the wives, and even the grandmothers) really be glad to find themselves home again? Mr. Priestley does not leave the question quite in the air; he suggests at least one solution we should consider.

Those Were the Days

"THE WEDDING OF THE JACKAL," by Peter Traill (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d.), is a gay, light, teasing, accomplished little book that makes one nostalgic for the great pre-war. Among parasols and polo, butlers and cars and sherry, we meet the inscrutable Cribbage and his three ladies—Mrs. Jack Chrichton, Mrs. Sylvester James, Lady Anning. Lovers, not bombs, break windows. You should enjoy this inconclusive quartet.



It is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is derived from the Greco-Roman custom of pouring libations to the gods. A more sophisticated age introduced the drinking to living personages. But it must not be supposed that in classical days it was the gods alone who enjoyed themselves. Horace found it necessary to chide the over indulgent with

*"Hush friends, O cease,
Your impious clamour; and for peace
Keep elbows resting still."*

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JACQMAR'S
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• Two skirts, one long, one short, in basic black; two blouses, one royal blue, long-sleeved, one black, short-sleeved; one evening jacket, the colour of ripe corn, loosely fitting, with sleeves three-quarter length—each garment interchangeable to make six different outfits—what more could any woman want for the gallant occasions of afternoon and evening? Clever tucking gives blouses and skirts superb fitting; they are made of Hawaia 2 (wartime survival of all-silk Hawaia 1), the gold embroidery on the jacket Shepson hand-painted to conform with present restrictions



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A STORY is told of an American conscript who needed a minor nose treatment. "Since you're the one who discovered this," he told his medical board doctor, "how about doing the treatment yourself?" The doctor told him to report at his surgery the next morning.

When he arrived, the doctor said: "Go into the next room and remove all your clothes."

"Just for a nose treatment?" the patient protested wonderingly.

The man went into the adjoining room and removed his clothes. There he saw a stranger, also nude, holding a parcel.

"All I came here for is a minor nose treatment," the conscript grumbled to him, "and the doc makes me take all my clothes off and stand about shivering here."

"That's nothing," sighed the other, "I just came to deliver a parcel."

"I HEAR you've been doing very well at school, John," said the fond grandparent. "What is your best subject—reading, writing or arithmetic?"

A look of quiet contempt crossed young John's face as he replied:

"Don't be so absurd, grandpa! I produced the best plan for post-war reconstruction."

A FOOTBALL match was in progress, and among the home club's extreme partisans was a St. John Ambulance man. He got into a heated argument with a supporter of the visiting team, and actually attempted to punch his nose.

Immediately there came a voice from the crowd behind him:

"'Ere, mate, you mustn't do that. You're 'ere to pick 'em up, not to knock 'em down!"

"PETERBOROUGH," in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following good story:

The C.R.A. was watching a gunner subaltern doing a shoot. The subaltern was working out all his calculations on a small slide-rule with considerable speed and accuracy.

After observing him for a time with slight distaste, the C.R.A. suddenly snatched his slide-rule away. "Your slide-rule's been shot away. What are you going to do now?" he asked.

Without a word the subaltern felt in his battle-dress pocket, produced another slide-rule and carried on.

A BEGGAR knocked unwittingly at the door of the village policeman. The door opened, and with head bent, the beggar started the tale.

"I didn't eat yesterday," he whined, "and I didn't eat today." He raised his eyes and noticed blue-uniformed legs. "And, lumme," he ended, "I don't care a hang if I don't eat tomorrow either!"



Mr. Trevor Howard, M.C., and Miss Cherry

Trevor Howard, who was recently invalidated out of the Army, is playing the part of Captain Plume, The Recruiting Officer in the play of that name, at the Arts Theatre Club. During rehearsals Trevor Howard was called to Buckingham Palace to receive the M.C. from the King. With him above is Helen Cherry, who appears as Sylvia, the girl who puts on boy's clothes and enlists in her lover's regiment

"Fool yourself!" shouted the man below, indignantly. "You're looking out of the wrong window!"

PUT OUT MORE SALVAGE. PAPER, RAGS, BONES AND RUBBER ARE WANTED

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

A CITY youngster, in the country for the first time, rushed to his mother and said:—

"I've seen a man who makes horses. He had one nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on its back feet."

A DEAR old lady visited the Better Business Bureau to complain about the lack of promised dividends on a security she had bought. Upon investigation it turned out that the scheme in which she had invested was a fraud.

"Why didn't you consult us first?" the B.B.B. official asked. "We might have saved your money for you."

"I know," said the old lady, "but it sounded so good—I was afraid you wouldn't let me buy it!"

HE had dined very well and was doing his best to fit his key into the lock, singing a happy song meanwhile. After a time a head looked out of the window above.

"Go away, you fool!" cried the man upstairs. "You're trying to get into the wrong house."

"Fool yourself!" shouted the man below, indignantly. "You're looking out of the wrong window!"



P.S. This advertisement is sponsored by COTY, in support of the Ministry of Food. It is part of the COTY Wartime Beauty Service.



"In the Foyer at 7 p.m."

IT's a most important occasion, Jack's got his Wings. They are going to celebrate. She must look her best. Why not the black costume and white blouse? Jack always liked that. It certainly does suit her; particularly with her complexion.

She is secretly proud of her complexion. She has good reason to be. Its clear freshness is the result, not only of using the right

cosmetics but *eating the right foods*. It is the iron in your food which gives colour to your cheeks and lips. Spinach, eggs, apples, lentils and potatoes all contain iron. Organic Sulphur keeps the skin free from blemishes. This beauty aid is found in sprouts, celery, cauliflower and radishes. Remember, all vegetables should be eaten either raw or lightly cooked.



Assistant: Bemberg, Madam, is a thread, or yarn. It is the finest, silkiest thread ever made by man. It is used to make exquisite fabrics, luxurious lingerie, and gossamer-sheer stockings—both fully fashioned and seamless.

Customer: Apart from its beautiful, silky texture, has Bemberg any other outstanding qualities?

Assistant: Yes, Madam, plenty. When I tell you that you can wash articles made from Bemberg in really hot water and iron them, if you wish, with a really hot iron, I'm sure you will appreciate what a boon *Bemberg is.

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By Oliver Stewart

Oak Aerobatics

BRID watching has always been a hobby of many of those who are interested in aeronautical progress and it has taught them much, and still has more to teach. I would suggest that it should be supplemented by leaf watching in the autumn. The leaves have quite a lot to say on aerodynamics. The other day I noticed some oak leaves which to one like myself who has been interested in aerobatics for a long time were most suggestive. I saw one leaf doing a particularly fine stalled descent, making on the way slight curving movements up to the stall, then dropping a little to recover speed and again coming up to the stall but never stalling sharply. I feel sure that an aerobatic of this kind could be presented and that it would be most effective. Another oak leaf was looping without engine and doing it remarkably well. Yet another was giving the Autogiroists a lesson in rotating wing descent. The fall of leaves of other shapes, such as elm leaves, is markedly different and if one were a studious person one could compile a table of methods of descent whereby one could identify the leaf simply from the way it falls. The air flow over these leaves would be extremely complicated and to analyse it would be expensive and difficult but I have a feeling that it might be worth while because their motions do display so many novelties.

My general impression is that the smaller the leaf the more likely it is to adopt rotational methods of lift comparable to the Autogiro (but not to the helicopter), and that the larger leaves are more inclined to imitate the actions of a fixed-wing aeroplane. The seeds which are dispersed by air movements also show some extraordinarily interesting modes of flight. Most of what they show has some relation to rotating wing work but some seeds have a method of flight which more nearly resembles the Flettner rotor idea. In this a cylinder is rotated and moved through the air and it develops lift in the process. Some of the seeds appear to Flettner along in something resembling this manner.

Present to Private Enterprise

GOVERNMENT restrictions have limited the generosity of the aircraft companies so that we must not

expect nowadays to receive those delightful diaries, ash trays, inkstands and the rest of it that we used to receive in the days of peace, plenty and private enterprise. But returning good for evil I want to make a present to the industry and it is my annual present, namely the metric system. I argue in this way: British aircraft manufacturers are not likely to be able to crash into the American market in any numbers. That market will be well catered for by American manufacturers and I doubt if our manufacturers will be able to compete with them there. But in Europe

there is a field for the British aircraft manufacturer and he should go all out to prepare himself for it. Now it is probably true that British aircraft are as good as American or any other. It is also probably true that if they are to be economic they must be somewhat dearer than American. That is simply the outcome of quantity produced and methods of production. Britain has not been able to create factories which are in themselves quite as efficient units as America. The needs of dispersal have prevented this. What then are we to do to ensure that the British aircraft at a slightly higher price than the American has its chance of being well received by the countries of the Continent when these countries have again been set free?

All these countries use the metric system. This is the system of the scientific worker and it is the system of the radio. One day it will be the system of the whole world for measurement purposes. It is logical and it is simple. It increases output for a given effort. It enables a drawing office to turn out equivalent work with fewer men. It helps in the operation as well as in the construction of aircraft.

During war we cannot go over to the metric system because the change is a tremendous task. But when peace comes our first step should be to



V.C. Congratulates the Bride

S/Ldr. R. A. Learoyd, V.C., was best man at the wedding of F/Lt. Peter Barlow, D.F.C., and Miss Margaret Roberts at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, early this month. He shook hands with the bride after the ceremony

and create—for instance—a metric York and a metric Merlin engine. We must see that all our machines intended for civil use are metricised from the start.

D.H. Airscrews

I SEE that at last the story has come out about the de Havilland Company's wonderful effort during the Battle of Britain. This happened near the end of June, 1940, when the company was instructed by the Ministry of Aircraft Production to convert all Spitfires, Hurricanes and Defiants to constant speed airscrews in the field. By working at unprecedented pressure and for hours which have probably never been exceeded, the company's engineers succeeded in making the change so that in forty-four days eight hundred Spitfires were converted and four hundred more airscrews were on the way for Hurricanes. Those who have studied the performance figures of German and British aircraft at this time know how important this conversion was. Contrary to popular belief the German machines were on the whole somewhat superior in performance to our own and had it not been for this rapid conversion we might have been more seriously knocked about in the Battle of Britain than we actually were.



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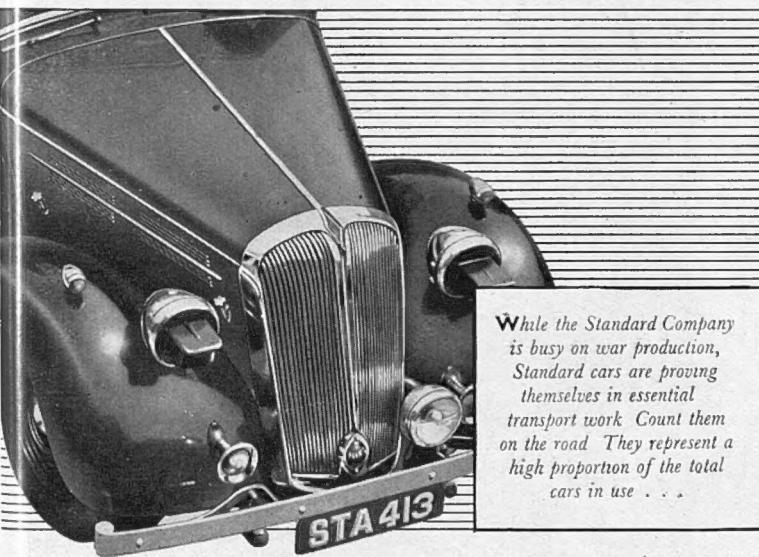
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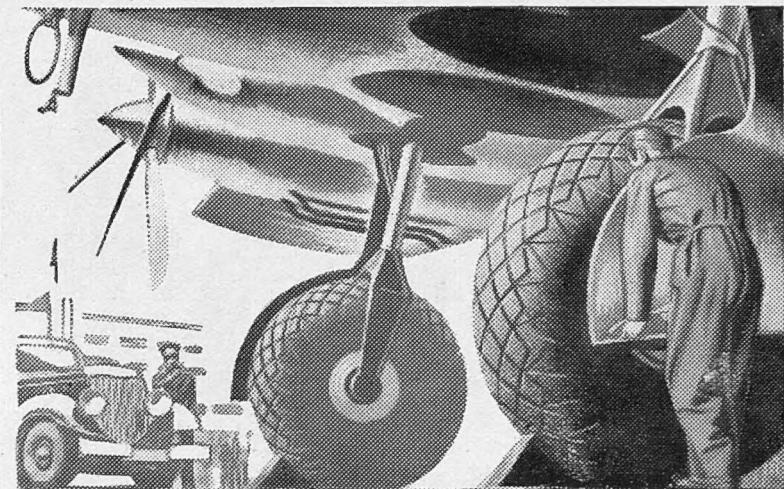
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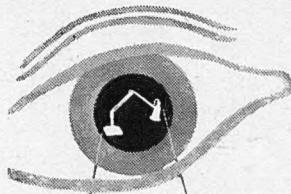
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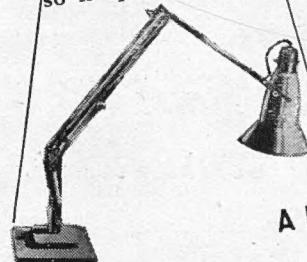
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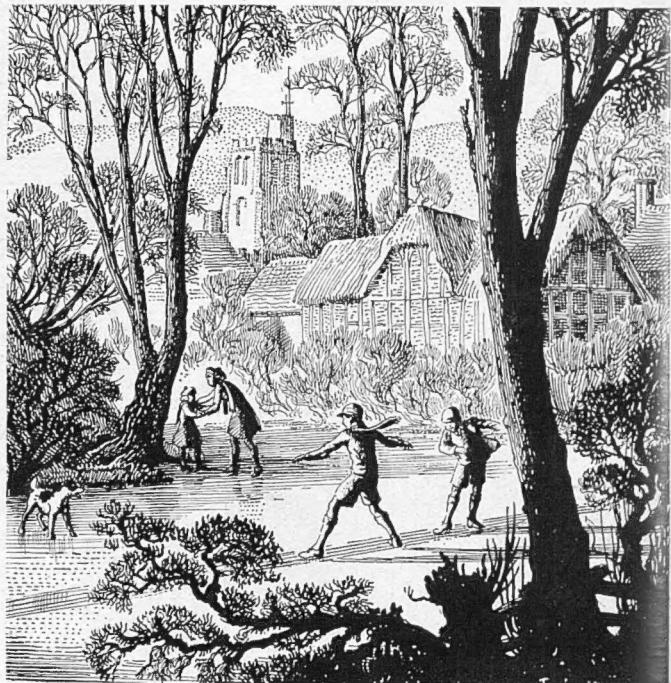
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